Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 13 MONTREAL, MARCH 26, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-.. d

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

Our Tournament

We have left far behind us the days when a tournament was the occasion for fully armed knights to attack each other with lance and sword, at grave risk of life and limb, in pursuit of a strange vow, or to show a fantastic devotion to some chosen lady.

Rough and brutal as such contests were, in spite of the glittering pomp with which they were surrounded, they were not altogether bad. They encouraged men to strive their utmost to attain fame, and though this was not the highest object in life, it was at least better than the sordid love of money which is the ruling passion with so many nowadays.

Courage, too, was stimulated: a coward in the lists would be greeted with open derision. Long training in manly sports was also needed; and to obtain the greatest possible advantage from his strength and skill it was necessary for the competitor to keep his body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.

The knights of these old times were so covered with armor that its weight must have been great; instances are known where death in the lists resulted, not from wounds, but from suffocation owing to the heat of the armor and the difficulty of breathing caused by the closed helmet. Glittering helmets and breast-plates are now worn for show purposes only, the aim of the modern soldier when fighting being to attract as little attention as possible.

But while the armor worn years ago has now no practical use, it may prove a very helpful parable to us. St. Paul uses the arms of an old-time warrior to show how the Christian who would win in the conflict against the world, the flesh, and the devil must be prepared at all points.

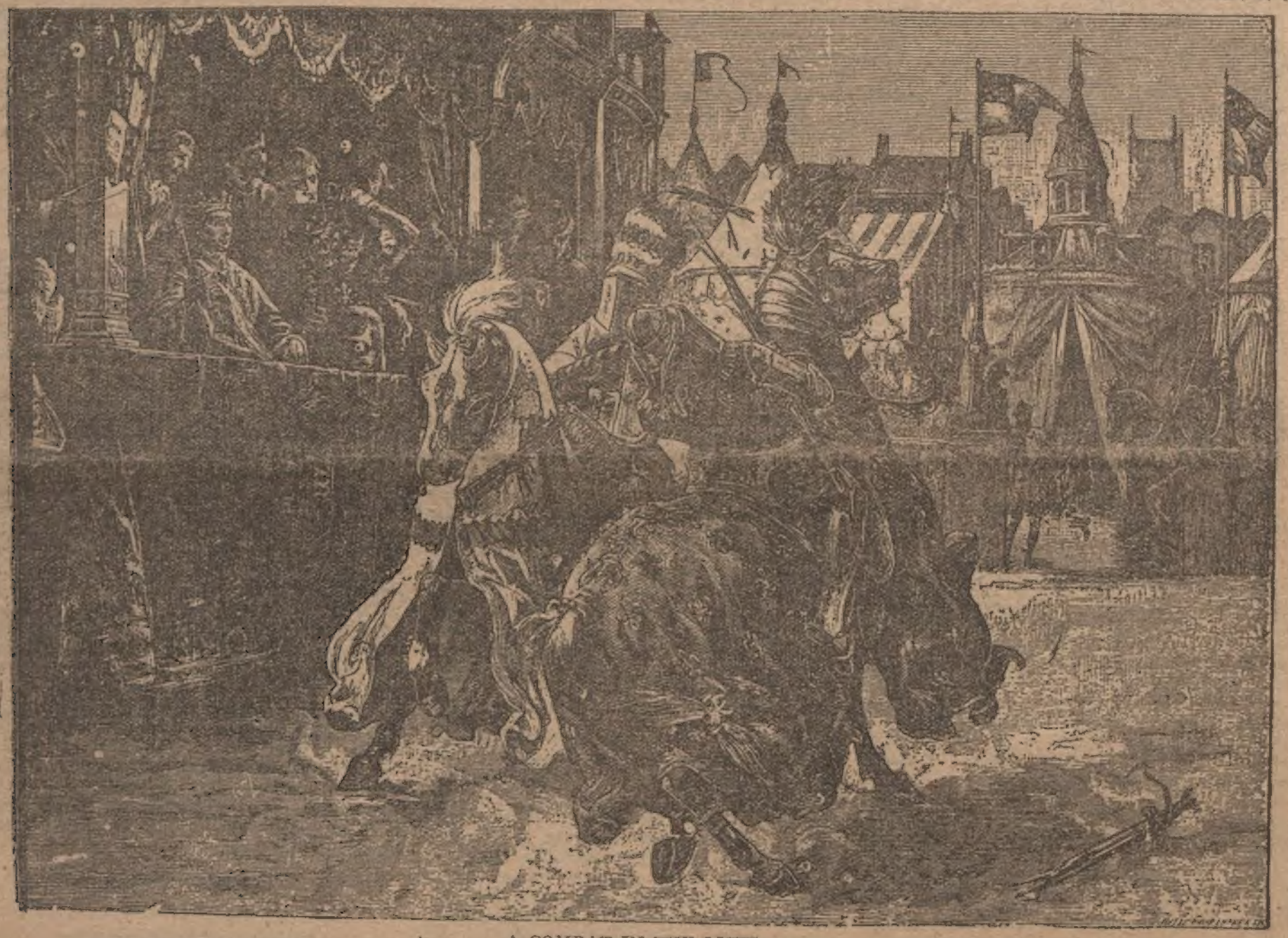
'Take unto you,' says the apostle, 'the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand.

'Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

'Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.'

There is the Christian's complete armor against evils far more deadly than the lance of the knight of old. The fight against evil is a tournament in which we all should be engaged, and a great cloud of witnesses, who have themselves passed through the struggle, are looking on to see how we bear ourselves.

Let us therefore bear ourselves boldly, following the example of our great Captain, the Lord Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.—'The People's Own Paper.'



A COMBAT IN THE LISTS.

A True Story of Lucknow.

('Presbyterian Review.')

In the station of Benaree, in the upper provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospital as usual. As I entered the General Hospital, I was told that a young man belonging to one of the regiments was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found, lying on his pallet in a corner, a new face, and walking up to him, said, 'I am told you wish to see me; I do not recollect the pleasure of having seen you before.'

'No,' he said; 'I have never seen you; yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you.'

I asked him if he was ill or wounded.

'I am ill,' he replied. He went on to say that he had just come down from Cawnpore. 'Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history. It may be you remember, a long

time since, some of our men going into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders. There were some half dozen or more of them; they went to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and your country people were to your noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathized with them in the noble cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them. You reminded them that life is a battlefield to all, and asked them if any were soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the twenty-third Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or tract to remind them of what had been said, and you gave all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had not time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven.'

As he said this, the poor fellow pulled out from the breast of his shirt half a note-sheet of paper, on which I recognized my writing, though nearly illegible from wear. On it was written the first, seventh, tenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth verses of the fifth chapter of the Second Corinthians, and the following hymn:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes his wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.'

'That man,' he continued, 'and I were in the same company, but he was a day ahead of me. We met in Cawnpore, then marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first Walter did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear; then he prayed with us. As we marched he spoke much of his old father and mother, and only brother, and wished he could see them once more. But he was very very happy, and ready to "go home" if God saw fit. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me, "It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city."

'We had many fights, standing always side by side. I am an orphan; I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden; yet beyond all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. Walter's reading and words came to my heart—he was so kind to me, and always called me brother. I never loved till I had him. He had found Jesus, and led me to love Him, too. I cannot find words to say how I rejoiced when at last I felt I had a Friend above. Oh! I shall never forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book, only the paper. We knew it all by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best.

'At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck Walter in the chest. Words cannot say my grief when he fell'—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him till the garden was left in our hands, and then carried him to the doctors. But it was too late—life was almost gone. "Dear Willie," he said to me, "I am only going home first. We have loved to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!'

Read me the words she wrote." I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with blood, as you see, and repeated them. "Yes," he said, "the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her; good-by, dear Willie." And he was gone, but I was left. Oh, it was so very bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom, where it has been ever since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn with exposure, and tell me I shall be soon well: but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but that cannot be.'

Poor fellow! he wept long and bitterly. I could not speak, but pressed his hand. At length he said, 'So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again; and won't we welcome you when you come home!' We then read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head even from the pillow, but was peaceful and happy. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I shall not be able to think much longer. I have seen such frightful things! Thank God, I have sure and blessed hope in my death. I have seen so many die in fearful terror!'

I turned to go. He said, 'Dear lady, when I am gone, promise me this paper shall be put in my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, who led me to a Saviour in heaven.' I promised. Next morning I went to see him, but oh, how sadly altered did I find him! Those soft brown eyes were glassy and lusterless. He was never to know me again. Dysentery, in its fearful, rapid form, had seized him during the night. I took his hand in mind; it was clammy and powerless. Three of the men in the ward came up to me, and said, 'Till sense left him, he was talking of home with Jesus.' They knelt with me in prayer beside the poor sufferer. I went again the next day. His body was still there, but his spirit had fled a few minutes before. He was covered with his blanket, and the coolies were waiting to bear him away. I took his paper from his pillow, where it had been laid, and went to the apothecary. We walked back to the corpse, and he placed it in the hands of the departed. He was buried that evening. I have often thought since how beautiful was that heavenly love which bound those two dear young soldiers together! how it sweetened their last days on earth! They were indeed friends in Jesus, and though their remains lie parted, yet they are both sleeping in Jesus. Oh, what a glorious resurrection theirs will be in the day of His appearing!

Work in Labrador.

A DAY IN BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

(By Miss Nellie Gilmour.) *

It is eight o'clock in the morning, breakfast over, convalescent patients downstairs, temperatures taken and various other minor duties performed, and now we proceed to look after the patients who need more particular care. To-day we go first to the men's ward, a bright room in which are seven beds, and from the bed behind the door we are hailed with great delight, as we enter with the necessary articles for attending to our bed patients, for poor old George is very ready for us, and most anxious to be made comfortable. An old man of seventy, he has been very ill, but is now regaining strength slowly but surely, and as he improves the sense of humor lying dormant has gradually come to the fore, until at present he is the life of the ward. At first he considered his daily bath a great nuisance, though he calmly submitted to it as to the inevitable, now he would feel himself very hardly used were we to suggest omitting it. After the bath is finished, and the dressings over his wound changed, we put upon him the comfortable heavy flannel wrapper, which we have appropriated for his use, and he beams with delight when we tell him he may step from his bed to the wheel-chair (he has been lifted previously) for this is one of the tangible proofs to him that he really is improving, and it is a step in advance of what has been, and this means so much to our poor sick people. Comfortably settled in his chair, we take him to the window where he can have something of interest to look at. He can neither read nor write, so there is no diversion for him in these. Indeed, not more than half of the patients who came to us this summer are any better off in this respect than he is. And now his table beside him, his pitcher of water and mug upon it, also his precious package of sweets (which he must have to take after his medicine), we think we have finished, but no, a touch on the arm and an expression upon the face, tell us there is something more wanted. 'What is it, George?' 'The mail boat will be here this week.' 'Oh, yes, and you want your letter to your wife written. We will do that later.' And we leave him, content for the present, knowing that his letter is still in his mind, and will be until it is posted, though to-day is Monday and the boat cannot come here before Friday.

Next we turn to a bed where lies a pale, emaciated figure, showing plainly to an experienced eye the ravages of that dread disease, tuberculosis. This patient came to us in the middle of the night some weeks ago, from one of the steamers, and for a time had very severe hemorrhages. There have been none of these of late; however, we cannot but feel that the disease is making rapid progress, and that one more poor soul has been hopelessly enthralled in its clutches. We find this disease very prevalent, and in as many forms as in hospitals in more crowded centres. After some time with this patient, we pass on to the next, suffering from scurvy; his rest in bed of a week's duration, with proper diet, is doing wonders for him, and even now all signs of the disease have gone.

We leave this ward and go next to a small room adjoining, which we keep as far as possible for cases immediately after operation. We have two cases of hernia, also a finger amputation case, here just now. The hernia cases were done three days ago, one is a man, the other a boy of fourteen, and here as elsewhere 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and these two, notwithstanding the disparity in years, are becoming fast friends and rivals on the road to recovery.

Having finished with them we go to the women's ward, which is on the ground floor directly under the men's, and similar to it, and as we near the door a little voice cries out, 'Please pick up my box.' 'No time now, Frank,' we say, and then comes in a pleading voice, 'Come here, I want to tell you something,' and this proves too much for us, so we go to the cot at the end of the ward and find a bonnie, bright-faced, blue-eyed and fair-haired little chap of three years, and as we stop to hear the whispers, find it is but a repetition of the request of a moment ago. Needless to say, the box comes off the floor, for the occupant of the little cot is a great pet with us all. He lies contentedly on his frame, always on his back, and with a weight attached to his foot, for here we have tuberculosis in the form of hip disease. At first it was very hard for him to stay in bed, and we were constantly told, 'Me tell the doc,' or 'Me better sore leg—me go out.' However, now he is as happy as can be, and chatters away all day long.

(To be continued.)

* Miss Nellie Gilmour, of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, spent last summer as one of the volunteer staff on the Labrador coast. Her time was mostly spent at Battle Harbor, of which she writes.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1909.

Peter and Cornelius.

Acts x., 1-20. Memory verses, 13-15. Read Acts X., 1—XI., 18.

Golden Text.

In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. Acts x., 35.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 29.—Acts x., 1-16.
Tuesday, March 30.—Acts x., 17-33.
Wednesday, March 31.—Acts x., 34-48.
Thursday, April 1.—Acts xi., 1-18.
Friday, April 2.—Gal. iii., 7-14.
Saturday, April 3.—John iv., 1-14.
Sunday, April 4.—Isa. lx., 1-11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

In our lesson to-day we have the story of two dreams or visions. Visions we must call them, because they did not come during sleep as our dreams do, nor were they at a'' like our dreams. When you fall asleep at night and dream, your dreams don't mean anything, do they? Yet in them you seem to see a great many things that would surprise you very much if they happened when you were awake. You would be surprised something like Cornelius was in our lesson to-day at the very strange thing he saw. Who knows anything about Cornelius? He was a Roman soldier, and the captain, or leader, of a band of about one hundred other soldiers. He was a very good man and worshipped and served God as well as he knew how. While he was earnestly praying one afternoon, what do you think happened? Why, one of God's angels came to bring him a message. Now, although Cornelius was a brave Roman soldier, he had never seen an angel before and he was quite frightened. But the angel told him how God had heard his prayers and had seen how kind and good he was to the poor, and how God had thought about him and now wanted him to learn more about God. So the angel told him to send for Peter who would teach Cornelius what he ought to do.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lifelong habits and repugnance that Peter must have overcome in obedience to the vision are difficult for us to comprehend in this day. Nor was Peter alone in his sacrifice of personal feelings on this occasion. If it was hard for the Jew to ignore his ceremonial law and join company with the gentiles, it was hard for the Roman soldier, an officer of the conquering nation, to put aside social standing and receive with honor this Jewish fisherman who had lately been staying in the despised home of a tanner. Cornelius was evidently well prepared for the message that God was sending him. The importance of this story in the history of the church is great, and the care with which the historian records it is evidence that he considered it so. The story of the vision accorded to Cornelius is given four times (Acts x., 3-6, 22, 30-32; xi., 13, 14). It is evident also that Peter realized the importance of the step he was taking since he was careful to take with him those who would be accepted as competent witnesses (Acts x., 23; xi., 12). Moreover, it is the occasion of two direct and supernatural revelations of God's will. The brotherhood of man is as fundamental in the Christian religion as is the Fatherhood of God. It was proclaimed by Christ himself (Matt. xxiii., 8, 9). The giving of the Holy Spirit before baptism (Acts x., 44, 46, 47) should be sufficient to disprove any claim for saving efficacy in the baptism itself, yet the prompt attention given to this subject by Peter is proof of the very great importance which attached to this sacrament in the mind of the apostles. Nor was an outward manifestation of the presence of God's spirit with a believer necessary before baptism was permitted as witness the case of the Samaritans who believed and were baptized under Philip's preaching (Acts viii., 11, 14-17). Belief only was needful before baptism was allowed. Nor was the laying on of hands recorded in the case of the Samaritans (verse 17), a preliminary to the reception of God's Holy Spirit by the gentiles in to-day's lesson. All of which goes to prove that God alone rules in His church, working according only to the dictates of His own divine will, and the soul that truly believes in Him is not barred from finding Him by any impossibility of priestly ministration whether in sacrament or the laying on of hands, yet that it is God's will that the sacraments be held in honor and His chosen servants on earth, such as Peter and his fellow apostles, be regarded with all due respect. The great truth that Peter enunciated at the beginning of his address (Acts x., 34, 35) should be given particular attention.

SELECTIONS.

The Lick Observatory is not built on the coast where fogs and mists at times obscure the heavens, but above all such obstructions, on top of Mt. Hamilton, where the air is clear. The vision of truth and duty does not come to the man who dwells always on the levels, where his sight is limited to self and self's interests with their obstructing mists, but it comes to the man who mounts to the heights where he can hold communion with God and receive His messages.—Tarbell's 'Guide.'

Is Peter's vision on the housetop,—sudden, astonishing, bewildering,—necessarily more divine than those daily compunctions, and hints, and dissatisfactions, and hauntings, of something wrong in his attitude toward men, with which Peter might have been visited every day for weeks past? We have no record of such things, but they are not difficult to conceive. Suppose Peter's mind had in many more common ways gotten turned toward this question of the relation of God to the Gentile, and it had kept vexing him, and he had felt distressed over it. Suppose that it kept returning to his mind in one shape or another until he had been worked up over it, and his whole being stirred and troubled over the question, until at last his mind was moving in an unwonted direction, focussing gradually upon a conclusion quite contrary to his original thought. In what possible respect can we suppose it less divine for God to use such means as these if He chose? At last comes the vision. Is it less diivne because of the possible preparation of a slower and more unnoticed sort?—'S. S. Times.'

Peter plodding over the dusty hills to reach Cornelius, may seem to have lost the glory which was on his face while he sat and thought upon the vision, and caught glimpses of the essential nobleness of man—but the vision was at the soul of his journey all the time, and was what made his journey different from that of any peddler whom he met upon the road.—Phillips Brooks, in 'Visions and tasks.'

A Modern Instance.—From every nation on earth immigrants are pouring into America, men of all languages, beliefs, customs, helpful and hurtful, blessings and scourges. The work of home missions is to believe in all these, love them all and win them all for Jesus Christ.

'A million immigrants!
A million opportunities!
A million obligations!'
—Josiah Strong, D.D.

'The Christian churches in America stand face to face with a tremendous task. It is a challenge to their faith, their devotion, their zeal. The accomplishment of it will mean not only the ascendancy of Christianity in the homeland, but also the gaining of a position of vantage for world-wide evangelization.'—The Rev. E. E. Chivers, D.D.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 4.—Topic—A life lived for others. Acts ix., 36-43. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 29.—The great lesson: wisdom. Prov. i., 1-9.

Tuesday, March 30.—Obedience to God's Word. Prov. iii., 1-10.

Wednesday, March 31.—Avoidance of evil. Prov. iv., 14-27.

Thursday, April 1.—Diligence. Prov. vi., 6-11; xxiv., 33.

Friday, April 2.—Value of righteousness. Prov. xi., 1-11.

Saturday, April 3.—The value of silence. Prov. xxv., 8-15.

Sunday, April 4.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Proverbs. Prov. viii., 1-17. (Consecration meeting.)

Religious News.

A missionary writes from Kodaianal:—

'Mrs. Macrae had sad news about two of the girls in her boarding-school lately. The mother was converted about four years ago, and baptized some time later. She suffered much persecution, as the father is strongly opposed to Christianity. About nine months back the two girls were sent to the boarding-school, and the elder one—about thirteen years of age—was very diligent in trying to learn to read. One day the father sent a woman under a false pretext to bring the two girls home, but he met them half-way, took them off to a village twelve miles distant, and married the elder one to a heathen man that very night. He also made arrangements to marry the little one the following week. The next day, when the poor woman came in expecting to see her children, she found that both were gone. We are praying that the Lord will turn this evil into good, and that these girls may be the means of telling the Gospel message in the places where they are. As, of old, God used the little captive maid, so He can use these girls.'

The Basel Mission tile works are known all over India and Ceylon. Last year 13,000,000 roof tiles, 500,000 floor tiles, 500,000 prest bricks, etc., were shipped to all parts of those countries. The workmen are native Christians, only the managers are German lay missionaries. The mission looked upon it as their duty to provide means of support for the natives who had left all for conscience's sake and to accustom them to steady work. The other industry successfully carried on by the mission is cotton cloth-weaving.

A missionary writes from Teheran:

'The work of the past two months has been full of encouragement. All the departments have been busy. More people have been attending the religious services this year than in any former year. The school never had more pupils. Five Moslem converts have been baptized. One of these is a prince, the son of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry in the army; another a graduate of the boys' school, and now a teacher in it. Two of the others are women, one of them a pupil of the girls' school. The fifth is a man who came twenty-two days' journey in quest of baptism and instruction. A year or two ago he procured a Bible, and by reading it repeatedly had acquired a wonderful grasp of Christian doctrines. It was almost startling to hear him explain spiritual truths with an understanding seldom found in maturer Christians.'

Canadian Pictorial

[For use of our readers who get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone.]

.. ..

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Enclosed find seventy-five cents (.75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

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This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also districts mentioned in list on page 15.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

New members from five of the provinces this week, and one from the States. We have had a large demand also for pledge cards and badges this week, several of the old members wanting them as well as the newcomers. That is good.

Now a word to any who are thinking of joining—just read the first, last, and only rule we have for becoming a member of the League: copy out the pledge, sign, and send it in to the Editor. Do that. Some forget it and think that all they have to do is to order the badge and pledge card, but what we want you to do is to sign the pledge and let us know that you have done so. Then your name is very gladly added to the list. This week we welcome: Blanche and Martha Gordon, P., N.B.; George Percival MacDonald, E. V., Que.; Mildred I. Harlton, R., Ont.; V. Hazel McLeod, V., Ont.; Margaretta Hutchison, O., Alta.; Esther Lilian MacKichan, C., B.C., and Mamie Widbur, E., Maine.

O., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I wrote one letter to your paper about the gopher. Now I will try to tell you about a pet badger we had once. I was very sick, as that was the time I had the fever that made me deaf, but my mamma told me about it. We had been in Alberta a few weeks and my papa was building us a house on our ranch. One day he saw an old badger with two little ones. He caught one of them and kept it in the house, and fed it new milk which it lapped with its tongue like a dog. It liked potatoes and gopher meat. When the weather got warm we kept it chained out of doors, and it would dig holes first straight in, then it would lie on its side and dig the hole larger until it was large enough. It would go in backwards and if any one went near it, would make a hissing noise like a snake or a goose. It used to worry and play with the kitten, and it would take first cousins from the States to visit us soon. I will be glad, as I have not seen them for seven years. I live a short way from a good Consolidated School where I hope to go next year.

GLADYS J. CARSON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to thank you for the hand bag. It is far nicer than I expected, and I thank you very much. I will try next year to get more new subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.'

FLORENCE S. RANDALL.

[Glad you are pleased, Florence. The riddle you send has been asked before. Ed.]

H., Que.

Dear Editor,—Our school is about ¾ of a mile from where I live, but I enjoy the walk, especially in good weather. I have some very fine pet doves, but the hawk took my best. It used to come up and tap on the door when it was hungry, and when we would open the door, he would walk in to get something to eat. I have a pet horse named Bob, and when he meets me he wants an apple or something out of my hand. He will put his nose into papa's pocket to get apples.

MAY ANDERSON (age 12.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Shire Stallion.' Harry Deitz, H. G., Ont.
2. 'Two Cats on a Fence.' Mildred McMonies (aged 10), W., Ont.
3. 'Teddy Chops Down a Cherry Tree.' Zada Wright (aged 12), H., Ont.
4. 'My Dear Old Home in the Derry.' Verna E. Ferguson, G., Sask.
5. 'The Squirrel.' Ernest Snyder (aged 10), S. A., Ont.
6. 'A Lady.' Lela Acorn (aged 14), M. V., P.E.I.
7. 'Ram.' Elsie J. Glenn (aged 10), P. A., Sask.
8. 'Lucinda Hairpin.' Kitty, C., Ont.
9. 'Wild Rose.' Jack, E. S. R., N.S.
10. 'Harry's Rabbits.' Norman Stonehouse (aged 11), B., Ont.
11. 'My Pussy.' Bryce Rupert (aged 9), N. L., Ont.
12. 'A Disgrace to the Family.' Thomas Gale, C. D., P.Que.
13. 'My Pet Horse, Johnny.' Marshall R. Cumming (aged 11), L. C., N.S.
14. 'My Pony.' Frederick Rupert, N. L., Ont.
15. 'Mink.' Clarence F. Taylor (aged 12), W., N.S.
16. 'A Percheron Horse.' Bruce B. Walker, H. G., Ont.
17. 'Sailboat.' Fred Denton (aged 13), W., N.S.
18. 'Side View of a House.' Beryl Pelton (aged 13), I., Ont.
19. 'General Brock.' Edith Smith (aged 11), W., Ont.
20. 'The Little Rose Bush.' Ethel Dow (aged 12), S. M., N.S.
21. 'A Robin.' Sadie Velma Rupert, N. L., Ont.
22. 'Ship Sailing.' Sam Marshall (aged 13), B. C., Ont.
23. 'Country Mouse and City Mouse.' Emily Dow (aged 9), S. M., N.S.
24. 'A Dog.' Harry Deitz (aged 11).

U., Que.

Dear Editor,—As I was sending you a 'Pansy Blossom Club' I thought I would enclose a short letter. My father is a farmer, and keeps horses, cows, young cattle and sheep. My little sister, six years old, has a pair of tame rabbits, which she enjoys playing with very much. We expect three of our hold of our dresses and shake them like a young pup. It always acted glad if it could get into the house, and it would trot after my youngest brother when he let it loose for a run. As we heard tame badgers would kill lots of chickens, we let a friend kill it who wanted a badger skin to take East with him. I have seen old badgers; they are grey colored with white face and have brown and black stripes along their backs. They dig dangerous holes in the fields, and sometimes in the hard roads, and horses might get hurt in the holes while running. From your little deaf reader,

BLANCHIE HENDERSON (age 11).

OTHER LETTERS.

Elea McDonald, M., C.B., like Mary, 'has a little lamb' which might easily 'follow her to school one day' for 'the schoolhouse is just so near to where I live that I can go there in a minute or two.'

B. Murray Sabean, N. R., N.S., is eleven, and 'my little brother and I tend the barn. One of my brothers and my papa are in the logging woods.'

Roy H. Hunter, H., N.B., sent a riddle without any answer, and now he sends the answer without the riddle. But we have forgotten the riddle, Roy. Never mind, try again.

Thomas Franklin Webb, D., Ont., has been ill nearly all winter 'and I have not had many sleigh rides. I will be glad when the good old summer time comes again.'

Esther Lilian MacKichan, C., C.B., is better off. 'I am learning to skate this winter and like it very well. On stormy days we are driven to school.'

Evelyn B. Keirstead, F., N.B., lives on a mountain. 'We can get a good view of other settlements off farther.' Evelyn asks—Why do people put a cent on the collection plate? The answers sent in this letter have since been published.

Arnold Brundage, V., Alta., says that at his school 'most of the scholars come on skiis. I like the prairie up here but I miss the maple woods and the running streams.'

Daisy Bell, C., B.C., lives 'in a little village surrounded by high mountains. It is a pretty valley.' We are sure of that.

Mary Pearl Wortman, R., N.B., lives 'five minutes' walk from a large lake. In winter there is good skating and in summer good fishing.'

C. V. S., O., N.S., says 'I received the Maple Leaf Brooch and pictures for getting a Pansy Blossom Club. Many thanks for them. Alma Slocomb, O., N.S., says 'I cannot go to school as we have no teacher, so I study at home.'

Margaretta Hutchison, O., Alta., asks—What nation do criminals detest?

A very well written letter comes from Edith Smith, W., Ont. Edith has two big sisters 'but they are away from home. I have three cats and they are all so playful.'

Laurel Shaw, L., Ont., has no skates, 'but I have a new sled which my mother and father gave to my sister and me for Christmas.' Your riddle, Laurel, has been asked before.

We also received little letters from Beulah B. F., Maple Wood, N.S.; Harry Deitz, H. G., Ont.; Marshall R. Cumming, L. C., N.S.; Delia Tillotson, O., Alta.; Daisy Aileen Webb, D., Ont.; Hazel McLeod, V., Ont.; Kitty Starsmeare, C., Ont.; and two others, one from Hespeler, Ont., without any name, and one from East Sable River, N.S., signed only with a pen name. Always sign your own name to your letter if you wish it to be published, and let the Editor know if you do not wish your name to go in. We will publish a pen name if desired, but must have the writer's name as a guarantee. Another thing: write on one side of your paper only, and also be sure to write your name and address under your drawing to avoid mistakes.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Joined to Idols.

(Mrs. Fannie B. Damon, in the 'Zion Advocate.')

Alton Rigby, driven from the field by a raging headache, crept into the house and up the back stairs to the shed chamber. As he stretched himself out on the cot by the open window, he felt a flickering sense of triumph that he had reached this frequented retreat without encountering his wife. Although she had learned by experience that nothing safeguards the household peace like a 'wise and salutary neglect,' yet she sometimes vexed him by the solicitude in her face. His sick headaches rejected sympathy; abhorred companionship; bitterly craved solitude and endless oblivion.

In an hour or two his turbulent sickness had so far subsided that he would have rounded off with a drowse had not Maria taken this time to scoop out a barrel at the head of the stairs. Peering at her sleepily through the dim light of the rough chamber, he caught an unexpected vision of her falling on her knees in prayer. He flushed shamefacedly and sank back noiselessly upon his pillow. Of course he always understood that Maria was a praying woman, and he didn't mind so long as she didn't bother him about it; but now she might as well be getting dinner.

'I thank thee,' poured forth her glowing words of praise, 'that it is possible for me to leave all my little cares and come away to Thee! That I can come and that I am glad to come! That Thou art always wherever I look for Thee! Oh, for this blessed sense of Thy presence, of Thy love, of Thy tender care for every one of us, I thank Thee!'

How ardently she prayed, and for so many small and simple things; for so many people near and far; for her own so lovingly and broodingly! Then she was silent, and Alton felt a thrust of disappointment that she had not prayed for him by name. He wasn't sure that he believed much in prayer but it cut him to be left out. No, no; she was still praying but so softly he could hardly follow her. Her voice was breaking over his name—as if she thought him some arrant sinner.

'Oh, my Father, if he might but know that Thou art,—that the plowing and the reaping and the gathering into barns is not all of life,—that Thou art, and that he belongs to Thee!'

There were a few minutes more of silence, then he heard the door click at the foot of the stairs. He tore up from the bed in a huff and went down into the orchard below the shed. He heard as if he heard not the bees humming about his wide-rimmed straw hat, and smelled without appreciation the rank pink and white clover tiding up from the meadow. He didn't dream his wife thought so manly of him. He assumed that she respected and looked up to him as dutiful wives were everywhere understood to do. She seldom found fault with him. Ha, that was it! She would smile across the dinner table as innocently and meekly as if she hadn't been grumbling about him behind his back. She was not only unfair and—say, deceitful, but ridiculous. What was a man good for if he didn't think of his work? Guess she was glad enough to have money to pay into the church, and to buy dresses and hats and papers and magazines with. Oh, yes; she liked the money, and he must somehow earn it—turn it up with the plow and haul it in by the hayrackful. But he must keep his mind in the clouds and not become sordid! That's a woman's idea of things!

He lurched over the stonewall as if he were in pursuit of prey. The noon hour was so sultry that he decided to lie in the shadow of the three elms and let Martin bring him a luncheon from the house. Meanwhile the babble of the brook got into his head without his knowing it and softened him a little. It fairly hushed him to sleep, and he slept so long and so soundly that when he came to himself he saw Martin at work and the lunch-basket and a can of coffee lying in the grass by the stream. It was a tidy and relishly repast, and he could but remind himself that Maria's biscuits and doughnuts had no rival in a community of expert housewives. Yes—yes—the woman looked well after the family, if she did have the habit of making long prayers. He put on a wry face at the thought but shrewdly turned it into a whistle and whistled himself back into his constitutional good humor.

Had anything been needed to keep him in genial temper when he met his wife at the supper table, the letter would have done it.

'Look here, M'ri, what d'you think? Best news I've heard for years. Cousin Jud's likely to drop down on us any day. Plans to stay a month. Make you feel tired, M'ri? Just rests me. Tell you what, cousin Jud ain't going to be any out. Catch him to be b'holden. Oh, Jud—he's a queer chap,' laughed Alton, reminiscently: 'blunt—speaks with a slow growl—but he's so honest you don't know how to go t'work to get r'iled. Sha'n't hire that other man now, M'ri,—not while Jud's here. Sha'n't need 'im.'

Cousin Judson had been there nearly three weeks before he quite freed his mind. It was the last night of his stay. There was a fence to mend half a mile beyond the gully, and after supper the men with axe and crowbar went over together. Having already done a full day's work, Alton tinkered about in a leisurely, intermittent way, detailing the crops grown on one side of the swarth cedar rails and giving many a minute biography of the sheep and cows that for fifteen years had foraged over the adjacent pastures.

Meanwhile the sun kindled a great fire in the pine trees by the side of the lake, and the glow of it leaped up the sky to the zenith. Then it died down, slowly and tremulously, slipping from hill and wall and rail, into the quenching shadow of the woods. The ashes of the day blew up pearl-white over the sky and a heavenly softness lay upon land and lake. Even the great rock, looming up sharply at the foot of the orchard below the house and bending the way of the brook, took on such a velvet finish that the men pulled themselves up to the top of it and sat with their feet dangling over the water. The new moon and a star came out like the old woman's goat with its kid, browsing among the apple trees.

'Now I've got from that orchard on an average,' began Alton in a sprightly voice, 'say, five barrels of black oxfords, eight barrels of bell-flowers, twelve barrels of—what say?'

'I didn't speak,' returned Judson's slow, heavy bass; 'I only groaned.'

'Guess I've tuckered you out. Well, I kind of wanted you to take in the whole show before you left. You've been pretty much over the farm now. I've made consid'ble of a change since you was here before.'

'Yes—yes; you've done well by the farm.'

'And the farm has done well by me,' said Alton, giving his ragged hat a jaunty tilt.

'Rock-sure of it?'

'W'll, I reckon I be. Speaking of rocks—you can't see a foot of land from this old boulder but mine. Everything—woods—pastures—meaders—house and barns—everything b'longs to me.'

'That golden chip of a moon, for instance, in among your apple trees?'

'As much mine as anybody's. But I ain't smit on moons. I never give 'em credit for rip'ning any crops for me. More likely to bring on a frost. Now that fact'ry corn—'

'Sh-h!' Cousin Judson threw out his hand warningly. The brook gurgled sleepily about the rock. A soft wind rustled along the blackberry hedge. Over a field of grain lying silver and smooth upon the side of the dark hill, floated the plaintive song of the whip-poor-will.

'They come out at night and hunt for mice along the stone wall this side the barley piece. Tell you what, that barley has picked up some since the rain. Barley's the feed for hens if you're looking for eggs.'

'To tell the truth, it isn't eggs that I'm after,' spoke Judson, wearily, 'I'm after a fellow I used to know by the name of Alton Rigby. I haven't been ably fairly to find him all the weeks I have been here.'

'What you driving at now, Jud, eh?'

'You don't mind if I say just what I've been thinking?'

Alton gave a shrug.

'You wouldn't be Jud if you didn't.'

'Oh, of course, I know you'll take it all right. You always were the best-natured fellow in the crew.'

'I ain't quiet so good-natured nowadays; but go on, go on. I should be disappointed not to get at least one good drubbing before you left. I shouldn't feel as if you'd really been here.'

Both men laughed, heavy bass chiming in with hilarious falsetto.

'And now for the drubbing,' began Judson, laying a hand on Alton's shoulder. 'Do you know that you talk of almost nothing but what you have doe, are doing and are yet to do? What? Come, come! Name one single thing that you've brought up for conversation besides clover and chemicals and horses and oxen and—hens. When your wife brings up a bit of political news, or speaks of the doings of the international peace congress, or ventures an opinion on the rights of the negro, or the pros and cons of prohibition, I haven't noticed that you encourage her by any show of interest.'

'Oh, M'ri,' exclaimed Alton, impatiently, 'M'ri sits up nights and wears her eyes out over books and papers. If she had to work as hard as I do she couldn't do it. Tell ye, Jud, you ain't fair. You're a business man and these things that you 'n M'ri have talked up at the table are a part of your stock in trade. I'm a farmer. I'm compelled to work, and to work hard. I've got to think about clover 'n' chemicals 'n' cattle. 'Taint as if I was layin' up money, more'n enough for a rainy day. I ain't a miser, you'd better understand. I'm just grubbing for a decent living. You ain't fair. You ain't fair.'

'See here, Alton. You talk pretty well, but you're dead wrong. It's your duty to make a living, but it isn't your first duty. It's your first duty to make the best possible man of yourself. Are you gaining or losing? You used to be a thoughtful, warm-hearted fellow. Wait! let me show you. Your hired man went to the show the other day. You encouraged him to try his hand at selling your sorrel colt. When he came back and told the trade he had made, you were pleased. Martin had been drinking—though he has kept sober for over a year, your wife tells me. She was deeply grieved, and you admitted it was too bad, but that extra ten dollars on the horse trade so threw a glamor over Martin's disgrace that you were unusually jovial all day.

'The other morning I heard a neighbor telling you that his son had secured a good position in the bank. You were examining one of your cultivators, and you answered indifferently, 'That so? Lucky, isn't he? Say, wonder if't 'll pay me to get that thing patched up? I've used that cultivator for'—and so on, ad infinitum. Your wife tells me that your neighbor has been afflicted in many ways—burned out, stricken with sickness, impoverished and disheartened. The news of his good fortune made Maria's eyes shine with joy. What ailed you that you cared so much for a ten dollar bill and so little for a lift to your neighbor? What ailed ye, Alton?

'You know the old saying, "you may make yourself a beast of burden and then you may carry burdens till you die." Thou foolish one! Some night thy soul will be required of thee and thou wilt be put to what a hunt to find it—looking in the hay-mow and behind the hen-house and in the corn crib and under the fence, trying to remember where last you saw the shadow of it, eh, Alton?'

'Stuff!' said Alton, letting himself down gingerly from the rock and noisily picking up the tools.

'I love you like a brother, old chap, or I should not have held my peace. You know that.'

'Sounds a good deal like it, doesn't it? Here, you go 'long to the house. I'm going round to put up the orchard bars.'

'There ne'er were such thousands of leaves
on a tree
As the crowds of the stars that looked
down.'

Alton leaned against the bars and with his hat still set jauntily on his head gazed up at the majestic sky.

'Hugh! I never thought of that settin' hen. Jud's tirade put it clean out of my head. His preaching 'nd M'ri's praying are a good deal of a piece. A blessed pair of fanatics! Talk about souls. I've seen the soil 'n' I know what to put into it 'n' what I can take out of it. I ain't had any such open-handed, out-in-broad-daylight dealings

with anything called a soul. I don't know of anybody that has. The soil's my text and I shall stick to it. They'll find that out. Reckon if I should drop out somebody'd be missing, now! But I'll go along in, same's ever. Good-natured—huh! I don't care the snap of my finger, that's all. He'll find that out. And M'ri, she'll find it out, too. Beats me what's the matter with a man's earning an honest living by the sweat of his brow. Hi, there, Specky, thought you're going to have your own way to-night, didn't ye, old bird? Not so long as Alton Rigby's running this ranch, sure's you live. Business is business, preaching or no preaching.'

Making Faces.

Did you ever, says the Rev. E. H. Byington, in the 'Congregationalist,' make faces at anybody? You know that it is not nice, and that children who do such things are often punished for it. But we all are making faces for ourselves all the time.

If you are real cross, you scowl and wrinkle your face, just above your nose and between your eyes. If you are worried and anxious, some lines appear across your forehead. If you smile, some little lines run from the other corner of your eyes toward your hair, spreading out like a fan. If you laugh, you have some dimples in your cheeks or other marks about your mouth. If you are very set and determined, your lips come together and the muscles about them stand out rather distinctly.

Now just as soon as you stop being cross, or worrying, or smiling, or laughing, these lines and wrinkles disappear, and your skin seems as smooth as ever. Still the muscles get in the habit of taking these marks and, if you keep on, little lines begin to appear; and, year by year, they grow deeper, and at last are there all the time. When you are not cross, the wrinkles that show irritation are there. When no merriment is in your heart, the smiling lines are there. All these years you have been making your face, and you have to wear it all the time.

As you enter a car of older people you often can tell much about them by the faces they have made and are wearing. That one is pleasant and jolly, for the smiling lines are there; that one's wife and children must have a hard time in life, for he has lots of scowling furrows on his face. The next one is a trial to his friends; the marks of 'I never give up to others,' he has written all over his face. Be careful, because in smiling and scowling, in laughing and frowning, you are making the faces you will have to wear when you are older.

A Trip to a Star.

'Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centaurus,' said the lecturer. 'By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us.

'Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers:

"'The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles.'

"'And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?' I ask.

"'It will cost you just $2,750,000,' he answers.

"'I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate.'

"'How fast,' I asked the brakeman, 'are we going?'

"'Sixty miles an hour,' says he, 'and it's a through train. There are no stoppages.'

"'We'll soon be there, then, won't we?' I presume.

"'We'll make good time, sir,' says the brakeman.

"'And when will we arrive?'

"'In just 48,603,000 years."'—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Dot and Carry One.

(S. G. von S., in 'Chatterbox.')

A few days ago I was staying at the house of a friend in Berkshire, and there became acquainted with his clever dog.

Dot, a fox-terrier, is three years old, and has learned many amusing, and some very useful, tricks, such as the following,—

The house of Mr. D., Dot's master, is very near to the railway, and Mr. D.'s daily newspaper is brought from London about nine every morning, by the guard of a passing train. Regularly as the time draws near for the train's arrival Dot scampers off and posts himself on the bank. The train rattles past, the paper is flung out, Dot gives a bark of delight, seizes the paper, and scampers home again.

Does he go and lay the paper at his master's feet? No; Dot is a thoughtful dog, a wide-awake dog. With the paper still in his mouth, he always goes to his place in the kitchen, where he has his breakfast, and he will not give up his charge until his breakfast is laid before him.

But though Dot is a wide-awake dog he is also an honest one. Nothing will tempt him to take his breakfast before he has worked for it, by bringing the paper. On one occasion the paper was not thrown to him, having been forgotten in London, and that day poor Dot slunk home; he had no playful scamper over the lawn, but he went round the premises into the kitchen as though he were a guilty dog, and he felt so much disgraced that he would not touch his breakfast, till hunger compelled him, when it is supposed he satisfied his conscience by calling it lunch.

On Sunday, Dot never thinks of stirring, and when visitors have tried him by saying, "Dot, you have not fetched the paper," he only looks up with a puzzled eye, and a wag of the tail, as though he would say,—"I am not angry, but I know you are chaffing me."

Any of your readers may for themselves see Dot and Carry One fetch his daily paper, as people do every day, for his fame is spreading. He may be seen about nine o'clock, if alive and well, on the line between Reading and Newbury, nearly five miles from Reading, and on the left bank from that place.

'DOT.'

For Distinguished Service.

(Kate Freeman Carter, in the 'Delineator.')

Jack's father was a captain in the army, so Jack had always lived in an army post, where he saw soldiers all day long. He knew all the bugle calls, and he loved to go to parade, and when he became a man he wanted to be an officer just like his father. Even now everybody in the post called him 'Captain Jack.'

Christmas was near, when one clear, cold afternoon Jack started out, his skates slung over his shoulder. At the end of the row of houses where he lived he met his chum, Tommy Drummond, and off they went together to the pond.

It was almost dark when Tommy skated on some thin ice, and went down into the water. He clutched the edge of the ice to help himself up and shouted: 'Jack! Jack! Help! Help!'

Around the edge of the pond Jack ran. 'Hold on, Tom; I'm coming,' he called. Then he pushed a hocky stick towards Tom and bracing himself against a tree called, 'Pull, Tom; I'll try to drag you out.'

Jack pulled with all his strength, and at last Tommy managed to get up on the ice, and then on the bank. As Jack gave a final pull his foot caught on a root of the tree, and became so wedged in he couldn't move. He gave one great wrench and was free, but something was the matter with his foot.

'Take my coat, Tom, I'm warm; but I can't move. Think I've hurt my foot; we'll have to stick it out until some one comes.'

'I can't do a thing, Jack, I'm so stiff; but you've saved my life and I'll give you my best knife when we get home,' chattered Tommy, and then fainted.

Jack crawled over to Tommy and managed to cover him with the coat, then sat down and waited for the help which he knew would come.

At last came lights, shining through the bushes, and voices, and 'Here they are!' shouted a strong, clear voice. And Tommy's father and Jack's father and some other men came running towards the boys.

Jack cried. He owned it with shame, when the foot was almost well and he was sitting up in bed, on Christmas morning, telling mother all about it. 'You see I was afraid Tommy would die,' he said.

'My dear little son,' said mother, 'you were a brave soldier, and you saved a life.'

'But—' A knock came at the door.

'Please, ma'am, the colonel's orderly wants to see you—'

'Very well, I'll come right away.'

Mother came back upstairs, looking happy and excited, and carrying a little package tied with gay ribbons.

'Something for you from the Colonel! What do you suppose it is?'

With fingers trembling with excitement Jack untied the ribbon and found a blue velvet box, and inside that box, on a white cushion, lay a small silver watch. On top of the watch was a card, on which was written:

To gallant Captain Jack, in recognition of his distinguished service. From Tom's Father.

And inside of the watch was engraved:

For promptness in action and saving a life.

How He Knew Him.

A beautiful story is told about Sir Bartle Frere, an English nobleman, who was once the governor of Bombay in India, and of Cape Colony in Africa.

He went away from his home on a trip, and on his return his wife went down to the railroad station to meet him. She took with her a servant, who had never seen her husband. When they arrived at the railroad station she said to the servant, 'Now you must go and look for Sir Bartle.'

'But how shall I know him?' asked the servant.

'Oh,' answered the lady, 'look for a tall gentleman helping somebody.'

The answer was sufficient, for when the servant went to look for Sir Bartle he found a tall man helping an old lady from the car, and this tall man proved to be Sir Bartle himself.

There is an example here which every girl and boy would do well to follow.—Selected.

Our Thoughts.

(By Robert E. Speer.)

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that 'as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.'

As Charles Kingsley says: 'Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.'

And on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts; and a generous, kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.

The Lifting of the Light.

(The Rev. Charles N. Sinnett, in the New York 'Observer.')

With the first flush of dawn the wind changed suddenly to the east. It rattled the dry leaves and wailed around the windows of houses in the village. And then it seemed satisfied with carrying shoreward the clamors of the sea gulls and other fretful sounds which made the sick woman turn wearily on her pillow.

'Oh, Robbie,' said a child's voice in the next room, 'there is such a hammering out on the ledge. The men must be battering down the lighthouse tower, so we shall never watch the beautiful light again. And papa may be lost on the wild, sunken rocks coming home some dark night!'

Then another voice answered as little feet pattered to the window ledge from which the child was peering out so anxiously. 'Dannie, you have got it ever so mixed up. The men are working there, thick and fast as flies while the tide is down. But they will sink a deep hole in the ledge, and put in great blocks of granite, all fastened with bolts of iron, and—'

'Oh, is that what Uncle James told us about a new lighthouse? I wasn't listening much.'

'Yes, and the new tower will be ever so much longer than the old one, and lift the light away high, high up, so that no ship or boat will be lost in the dark nights. It sounds hard to hear such a hammering—but it means the beautiful new light. I guess we'll sleep a little more now, Dannie.'

'I guess so,' smiled Dannie, and the two boys cuddled happily in bed again. Then softly a smile crept over the face of the sick woman, as she repeated, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' And then she murmured to herself with a grateful heart: 'Yes, with cruel blows that nailed Him to the cross He was lifted as the Great Light higher and higher. When the blows of death take our loved ones it is only that they may shine with Him.'

And then more slowly, but very surely, she thought this great truth, 'When the blows of sickness and pain smite us we may lift His light higher, if we hold fast to it.'

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

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THERMOS BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY

No need to dwell on the advantages of having one of these wonders of Modern Science, a bottle that will keep hot liquid hot for 24 hours in zero weather, that will keep ice-cold liquid cold for two or three days in midsummer. Everyone wants one. The thing is to get one, for they are expensive.

'Messenger' readers are invited to BE QUICK and try for one of the ten silver-plated pint Thermos Bottles (value $5.00) that are being GIVEN AWAY by the 'Canadian Pictorial' for the largest orders from each province for their MARCH Number, already widely advertised in the 'Messenger.'

Going! Going! ——!

Since, owing to unexpected causes, the March 'Pictorial' with first announcement, was late in reaching its readers we expect those bottles will be given for very very small orders, as we mean to stand by our bargain and keep the date limit at March 31. OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN. It's worth trying.

If you can mail us TO-DAY a cash order for eight or ten copies, or a couple of subscriptions, you may stand a good chance of winning in your province. Read the conditions and act quickly.

CONDITIONS OF THIS COMPETITION :

1. One bottle will be reserved for the largest order from each of the nine provinces of Canada, and the tenth bottle will be given as a second prize in the province selling most.
2. All monies under this competition must be in our hands by March 31. Ten cents for each copy ordered. Only cash with order counts. Any quantity supplied. March Number only for Thermos Competition.
3. One new yearly subscription at $1.00 will count as ten copies—the subscription to be for Canada, but not for Montreal or suburbs.

The time is short, large orders are out of the question — we expect the prizes will almost certainly go for very small orders. This is your chance.

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'THERMOS COMPETITION,' and address to

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Ducks That Went Travelling and What They Saw.

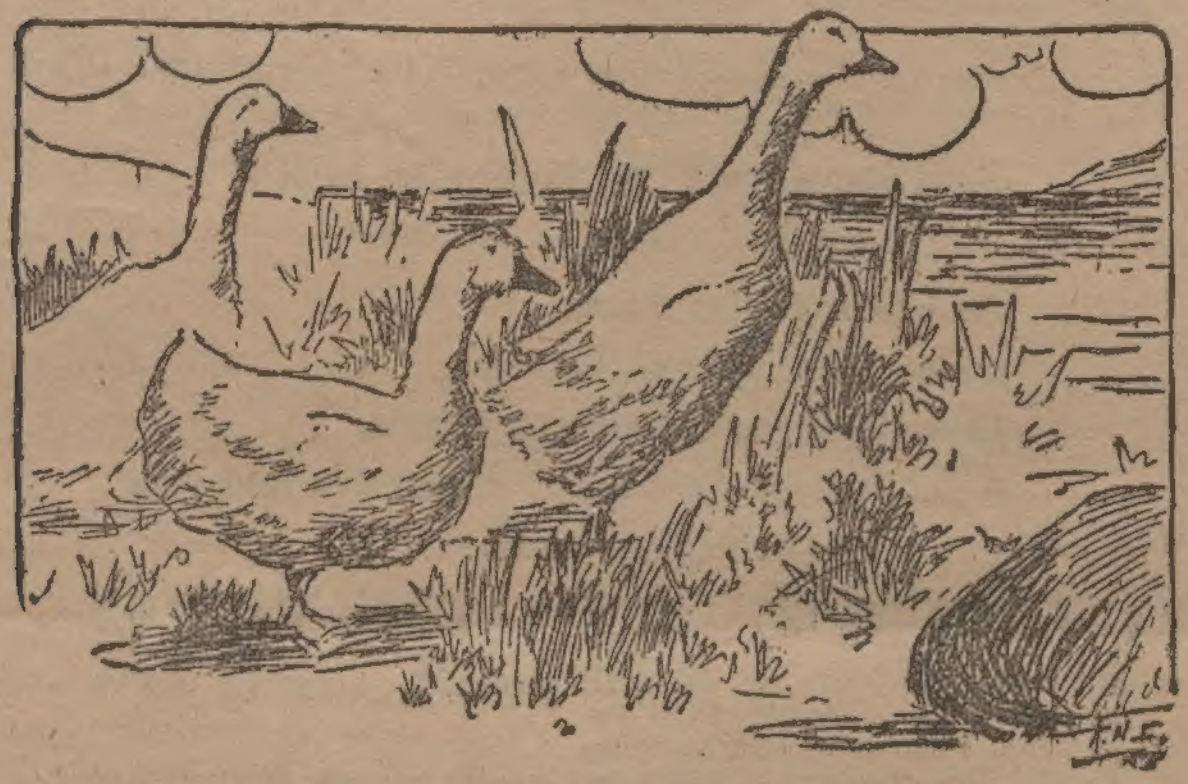
(By Louise Jameson, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

We were just eggs once. At least that is what Professor says and Professor seems to know things.

Professor is a big black hen. She holds up her head and sticks out her crop when she walks and looks as though she owned the place, so when Professor makes an assertion, no one disputes it.

We are not chickens. We are three ducks, Big Brother, Little Sister and myself.

In our opinion ducks are quite as good as chickens but the chickens themselves do not agree with us. Indeed, they say all sorts of mean things about our bills and our feet and all the other parts of us, but we never argue with them.



'SO THE NEXT MORNING WE STARTED.'

Strange to say, our mother was a hen. How such a thing happened I don't know. She herself could not explain it and no one was more surprised than she was when she first saw us.

However, she liked us even if we were different from what she had hoped; but I'm sure we were a sad trial to her.

Then, too, the other hens talked so much about what they called our peculiarities and this irritated her.

Our liking for the water really troubled her most and when we first went in swimming I thought she'd faint away from fright.

'As if they'd be much loss, anyway,' said the big white hen. 'I'd call it good riddance if all three were drowned.'

'Some hens can't help being fools,' answered the old Plymouth Rock. 'I am glad I come of a breed that knows something.'

'Do give us a rest,' put in Professor. 'So much bragging makes me tired. You are no better than the rest of us, even if you have travelled, and seen the world. Who cares about the world, any how?'

'Oh,' said Big Brother, under his breath, 'I'd just love to travel and see the world they are talking about.'

But our mother shook her head. 'Be satisfied here,' she said; 'you may never find such a comfortable house, nor a barnyard as full of delicious bugs as this.'

'Nor as nice a puddle,' added Little Sister.

But this made mother sigh. Our puddle never appealed to her, though she tried hard for our sakes to cultivate a taste for water.

Of course, the day came when we were big enough to take care of ourselves, and our mother felt obliged to get back to her egg-laying. There was no use crying about it, but that first night without our mother was terribly long and lonely.

Soon after this, Big Brother spoke again about going out to see the world!

'We haven't any mother to bother about us now,' he said, 'and there'll be lots to learn. Of course, we'll have to keep our eyes open, and ask questions.'

'That's just it,' answered Little Sister. 'I'm afraid to ask questions.'

'Oh, leave that to me,' said Big Brother, looking very important. 'I'll do the asking.'

Of course we did as Big Brother wished. He always had his way. So the very next morning we started from our puddle and swam into the little stream that ran through the pasture lot.

Molly and Judy stood under the tree, that shaded the brook.

'Now,' said Big Brother, 'I'll find out why they are forever chewing even when there isn't a thing to eat. I've heard they have more than one stomach, but I do not see what that has to do with it.'

'More than one stomach!' snapped Molly, when he asked about it. 'Of course we have more than one stomach. We have four,' old shovel bill, 'and we can swallow our food and bring it up into our mouths again and chew on it again. Now move on. I want to drink and I don't care to have you riling the water up.'

And she gave us a look that nearly scared us out of our wits.

'Well, we've learned a little,' said Big Brother. 'Let's stop under these tall grasses and rest a bit.' So out we scrambled, and were about to settle down on the mossy bank, when a funny little voice called out:

'Jump, my dear, jump. Here are three horrid ducks ready to gobble us down.'

'Not at all,' said Big Brother. 'We are out to see the world, and learn things, and we certainly can't learn anything from people we have eaten up. So you needn't be afraid, Mr. Grasshopper.'

'Well, I don't know,' answered Mr. Grasshopper, looking at us with his big solemn eyes. 'I've an idea I'm a very tender morsel, and it might be well if I keep my distance. You say you are travelling. It seems to me you couldn't get very far on such legs as you have. Just see mine.'

And he gave a leap that landed him over our heads and away on the other side of us.

He quite scared me and made Little Sister cry out:

'Gracious! Your legs are long. No wonder you have no wings. You don't need them.'

'No wings,' repeated the grasshopper. 'Just look here, will you?

And with that he opened his straight wing covers and showed as nice a pair of wings as one could wish.

'Now, what are you laughing at?' he asked.

'Only your face,' said little Sister, 'it's so funny.'

'Funny; I don't see what's funny about it. I haven't a yellow bill, but I've three pairs of jaws, and they are mighty handy too. One has little teeth, I use them when I want to bite. The other pair just holds my food, and the third pair grinds it. We have other things, too; at least my wife has. See her over there, digging in the ground. If you watch carefully you'll see the sharp sword at the end of her body. She uses it to make holes in the ground, and then to lay her eggs.'

'I don't see why she makes holes,' said little Sister, 'I shouldn't think it very comfortable to sit on eggs in a hole.'

'Sit on eggs! Who's talking about sitting on eggs? Grasshoppers never sit on their eggs. They just cover them up and leave them all winter. Then in the spring the eggs hatch into the prettiest babies you ever saw. Just like me,

only their wings are very tiny. They'll shed their skin six times, but I'll tell you one thing, they'll not eat them. That's a horrid practice indulged in by many caterpillar babies. There, I see Mrs. Grasshopper has finished laying her eggs, and maybe she'd like a little music. So you must excuse me. Have you ever heard grasshopper music? It's fine.'

'Oh, we've heard it,' said Big Brother, 'I should think your mouth would get awfully tired keeping it up so long.'

'My mouth—get tired. Oh, how funny,' and the grasshopper laughed until he shook all over.

'Why bless you, that music isn't made with our mouths. We just draw our hind legs along our wing covers, and that's all there is to it. Well, Mrs. Grasshopper is calling and I must go.'

'Now, whoever would think a grasshopper could be so interesting,' said Big Brother, as our friend took a leap that almost carried him out of sight. 'Let's get into the water again, I'm tired of sitting here.'

(To be Continued.)

Donald's Mistake.

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Donald and Duncan, the Peabody twins, were always together: they never wanted to be out of each other's sight for a minute. Mamma dressed them exactly alike, and scarcely anybody could tell them apart. Even nurse made funny mistakes sometimes. They were as straight and strong and bonny a pair of little lads as one not often sees, and, when they were out for a walk, people would say, 'There are the pretty Peabody twins!' But, when they stopped to say good-morning, they had to greet them together as Donald and Duncan, for they never knew which was which.

The twins had a big heap of sand in the back yard, and they never tired of playing with it. Donald was making a cavern, and Duncan a big house by its side, when nurse came to take them in for their afternoon nap.

Duncan was rather sleepy, and started readily enough; but Donald was anxious to perfect his work, lest it might cave in, and he begged to stay just a few minutes longer.

Duncan dropped to sleep at once, and nurse went downstairs. At the foot she was met by Mrs. Peabody, who wanted her to go down to the store and match some lace, that the dressmaker might not be delayed.

'I will take Master Donald along with me,' she said, and accordingly the little boy went off with his nurse to the big department store, leaving Duncan alone on his pretty white bed upstairs.

'I wish Duncan could have come, too,' said Donald, for he began to feel lonely for the brother who was so constantly at his side.

'Never mind, we shan't be gone long.'

Donald trotted happily on, still wishing, however, that Duncan's hand was in his.

At the big store they passed counter after counter, till they came to the place where laces were sold. Then nurse and the salesgirl were busy matching the bit of lace that mamma had sent, and Donald was left to himself. He strayed from nurse's side, and walked toward a great stairway. Then he suddenly stood still and stared—there was a little boy that looked—yes, just like Duncan! It was Duncan! And he stopped to stare at him! With a glad cry Donald sprang forward, and with arms outstretched he ran to meet his twin.

And then—thump went poor little Donald against a big plateglass mirror. It was only himself that he had seen after all!

The ladies clustered around him, and the nurse hurried up, for the little boy was sobbing with both pain and humiliation. To think that he could have made such a mistake! The shoppers laughed; how could they help it? But Donald didn't feel a bit like laughing.

At home, of course, mamma asked how he had bumped his head, and nurse told the story. Then mamma and the dressmaker laughed, it was such a funny mistake, and Donald went up to bed feeling rather sorrowful. But Duncan waked up, and he had to be told. He looked at Donald, his eyes shining.

'Why-ee!' he cried, and then he laughed.

And, of course, it would never do not to laugh when your twin laughed, so Donald laughed, too!

The Lily of the Valley.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there lived in a tiny house near a large garden a fairy mother with ever and ever so many fairy children.

All the children were dressed alike, in green slippers, and stockings, white suits, and white pointed caps with a dewdrop shining on top.

One evening the fairy mother said, 'You may take your small ivory buckets and fill them with dew from the flowers in the garden, but be sure to come home before the sun rises.'

Off they started, running and swinging the buckets in their hands; but, when they reached the garden, instead of working they began to teeter on the grass blades, and play hide-and-seek among the flowers.

And, do you know, they played and played all that night, and forgot all about the dew and the ivory buckets, till the great red sun could be seen.

It was past time for going home and too late to gather dew.

What would the fairy mother say?

'Well hang our ivory buckets on these stems and to-night come and fill them,' they said.

Then they went home, and they felt very sorry when they saw how sad their fairy mother looked.

As soon as the sun went down, they hurried to the garden. First one little fairy, then another and another, tried to pick his bucket from the stem where he had left it, but it was of no use. All the buckets were tightly fastened to the stems and turned upside down.

They have been fastened that way ever since, and perhaps, if you look in your garden, when spring comes, you will find some of the fairies' ivory buckets.

The Child and the Clock.

Once on a time there was a clock that stood upon the mantel in a little boy's mother's room, ticking merrily night and day, 'Tickity, tickity, tock.'

It told the little boy's father when to go to work, and it told the little boy's mother when to get dinner, and sometimes talked to the little boy himself. 'Go to bed, sleepy-head,' that is what it seemed to say at bedtime; and in the morning it ticked out loud and clear, as if it were calling, 'Wake up, wake up, wake up.'

The little boy's mother always knew just what it meant by its tickity, tickity, tock, and, late one afternoon, when he was playing with his toys and the clock was ticking on the mantel, she said:

'Listen, little boy, the clock has something to tell you:

'Tickity, tickity, tock,' it is saying,
'Tickity, tock, it is time to stop playing,
Somebody's coming so loving and dear,
You must be ready to welcome him here.'

Then the little boy jumped up in a hurry and put his hobby-horse in the corner, and his pony lines on a hook in the closet, and his tin soldiers in a straight row on the cupboard shelf.

'Now I'm ready,' he said, but—

'Tickity, tickity, tock,
Time to tidy yourself,' said the clock.'

'Oh,' said the little boy, when his mother told him this; but he stood very still while she washed his hands and his rosy face and combed his curls till they were smooth and shining.

'Now, I'm ready,' he said; and—do you believe it?—the very next minute the door opened and in walked the little boy's father.

'I knew you were coming,' said the little boy, 'and so did mother. The clock told us, and I have on my new blouse.'—'Kindergarten Review.'

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Temperance

Somebody Waiting for Me.

'I met a man the other day,' said a well-known physician, 'whom I had long thought dead.'

'"Poor drunken fool!" a passerby had said of him as he lay in the sun by the roadside; "he won't live a month. I pity his mother."'

'Last week I saw him strong and clear eyed—a splendid specimen of manhood. He, too, had heard the verdict pronounced upon him. The words stung. He could not get them out of his mind. That night he went home to his mother. He had not been in the habit of going home, but she was waiting for him just the same.

'Did you ever think of the waiting women all over the world? The sacred vigils of the loving, longing hearts of mothers and wives, of sisters and daughters, night and day, over God's earth?

'The man's mother was waiting for him, and welcomed him as only a mother knows how. She made him a cup of hot coffee, and told him of little happenings in the neighborhood.

'"Mother," he said, suddenly, "if you will help me, I'll never drink another drop."'

'He heard her on her knees all that night and many a night afterward. They were very poor, and he had difficulty in persuading any one who knew him, that he was trustworthy. The first dollar he earned was by staying all night with a neighbor's little children while the mother went to visit an older daughter who was ill at a distance.

'"I don't know as I ought to trust them with you, Jim Lent," the mother said frankly, "but remember, I'll be praying for you all every minute I'm away—and don't let the fires go down!"'

'"Well, if Mrs. Coles can trust him with her little ones," another neighbor said, "I guess he'll be safe with our team, and he may as well have that bit of hauling—they say his mother's pretty bad off."'

'So it went from one to another. Later on he got steady employment. "It's been hard," he said to me, "hard to keep away from the drink and hard to live down the reputation I have been making for years. But when temptations come I think of those who have trusted me—who trust me now. I think of my mother and all the lonely nights she waited for me when I never came home. "I tell you, doctor," he said, "stronger than any pledge, stronger than threats or punishments, is just knowing that somebody believes in you—that your keeping straight means something to somebody that loves you."'—'Youth's Companion.'

Home vs. the Saloon.

Ours is the great and sacred cause of the home versus the saloon. I would like to summon here into the witness-box a saloon-keeper, in an honest hour, to testify to us. We want to find out what he proposes to add to the firm's capital stock—the great firm of We, Us and Company.

The saloon-keeper finds it a conundrum not easy to be solved. Perhaps he will say: 'I am a middleman between the brewer and distiller and the people. I do not deliberately desire to do harm, but I must keep my patronage recruited, because if I do this I am sure to become a rich man after a while. That is the reason why I am in the business. I must pay my tax out of somebody's fireside, somebody's cradle, somebody's dearest and best. In order to succeed I must take away the little fellow from his mother's side, bait for him with cigarettes and cider, music, cards and young company, drawing him away gradually, until after a while I will change that boy's ideas so greatly that he who loved the songs of home and sanctuary shall far better love the bacchanalian ditty of the saloon; he who used to breathe God's name in prayer, shall hiss out that name in curses, and I will so change his face that his mother would not know him, and his soul that God would never recognize it.'

It is because these things are true that womanhood has been aroused at last; to protect her children is the dearest and most sacred instinct of a woman's heart. She has learned something about the weapons of the enemy. He is busy brewing beer; she is busy brewing public sentiment. He is busy distilling whisky; she is busy distilling facts and arguments. He is busy rectifying spirits; she means to be busy rectifying the spirit of manhood. Do you recall the splendid conduct of Conductor Bradley, whose heroic story Whittier has made immortal? Rounding a curve, Conductor Bradley saw another train bearing down upon his own at fearful speed. Bending to the brakes with might and main 'he did his duty as a brave man should,' but in the terrible collision he was crushed and mangled with those whom he had tried to save. Taken from the wreck a short time after, the hero spoke no word about himself or friends, but murmured, brokenly, in dying anguish: 'Put out the signals for the other train.'—Frances E. Lillard.

Stimulants for Hunters.

'The following advice to hunters is not from a temperance source but from the sportsman's paper—'Field and Stream': 'Alcoholic liquor is generally worse than useless in the woods, except in the most extreme cases. Hot tea will do anything that brandy or whisky will do as a stimulant, and do it a whole lot better, and it is easy to carry a sufficient amount in your pocket to last a week on the trail. In cold weather especially you should use no liquor on the trail, as it leaves you more susceptible to cold after its temporary effects have passed than you were before. In zero weather tea is a life-saver and liquor is a killer. Very few mountain men of experience carry liquor, even though they be habitual users of it, preferring tea as a cold weather drink in the cold, thin air of the high country, and use it freely. Tea can be made in a few minutes under almost any circumstances, and will brace you up wonderfully at the finishing end of a hard trip in cold weather.

A GOOD BUSINESS HEAD

We heartily agree with our young friend in the letter below. His connection with our 'Pictorial' army has certainly been good for him. If Brother John is as prompt and steady and business-like as 'Brother Lancelot,' we will get on first class. But you must read the letter:

A., Ont., Feb. 22, 1909.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—I remit herewith for the February 'Pictorials' which I have sold. I am very sorry but I will have to stop selling the 'Pictorials,' as I have on-coming work which prevents me, but my brother John, 10 years old, is going to continue the work, as he wants to sell the 'Pictorials,' and earn a few premiums. Please send me my watch, as I think, if I have figured up right, I have it now. These February numbers sold at first sight; they were very attractive.

I must say at this point that I have got a pretty good business head since I started selling the 'Pictorials' about a year ago, and as I must close now, I wish every good success to the other 'Pictorial' boys. Yours truly, Lancelot B. Morrison.

P.S.—I may in the future start selling the 'Pictorials' again, for it is splendid work.—L. B. M.

If there is any boy reader of this advt. who hopes to have 'a good business head' by and by, who wants to start at it now, he's the boy we're after. So if this means YOU, write us to-day for a package of the 'Canadian Pictorial' to start your sales with. We will send you our premium list and full particulars along with your order. Act promptly.

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2738.—Ladies' twenty-one gored skirt.—This is one of the newest designs which will be made up in every conceivable material from tweed to Victoria lawn, which promises to be one of the favorite materials for the separate skirt of summer. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 inches, waist measure.

2720.—Ladies' apron and oversleeves.—This serviceable set may be developed in heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook, batiste, or silk, according to the taste of the maker. One size.

2734.—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, closing with buttons, down left side of front.—This extremely stylish model is simple in construction and looks particularly well developed in the heavier suiting materials. Six sizes, 22 to 32 inches, waist measure.

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..HOUSEHOLD..

'Probably You are too Good.'

I recently heard a charming story. It is Japanese, and I know it will charm you, too. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its peaceableness and content. The happy family became continually happier—to him that hath shall be given; the unhappy family became continually more unhappy—from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humbler friend and asked him where he thought the trouble lay.

'I have land enough, and house enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented.'

The poor man replied thoughtfully, 'Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house.'

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. 'No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on a rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats, I immediately break out with, "Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right."'

'But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief, and with beaming face cries, "Oh, master, what a blunderbuss I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days."'

'You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling.'

And the rich man, after thinking a moment, slowly said, 'I see it all. It would be very different at our house. I would turn to the maid with, "Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build."' And the maid sullenly mutters, "A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room and get in busy people's way." I guess you are right, we are all too good—or at least we think we are.'

In the application of this story I will follow the method of an old college instructor of mine. When some special bit of foolishness had been perpetrated, he would express his opinion of it vigorously, then, looking vaguely around the classroom, but meanwhile pointing his fat finger at the youth deemed guilty, would close with, 'I don't mention any names; I put the shoe there.' And I, in turn, point my finger at half the people I know, myself included, and without mentioning any names, put the shoe there.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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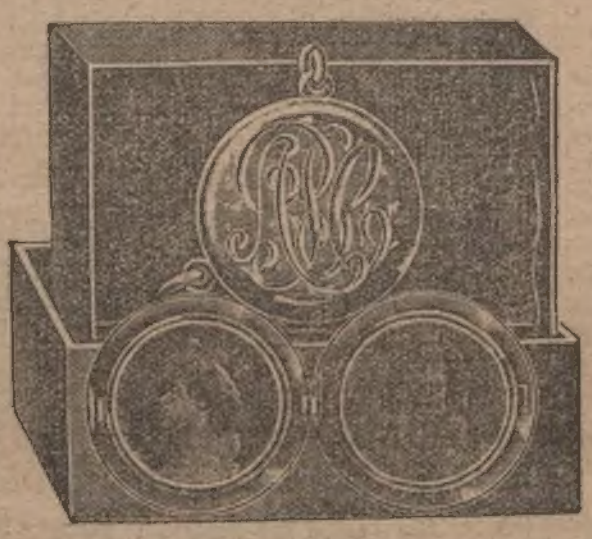

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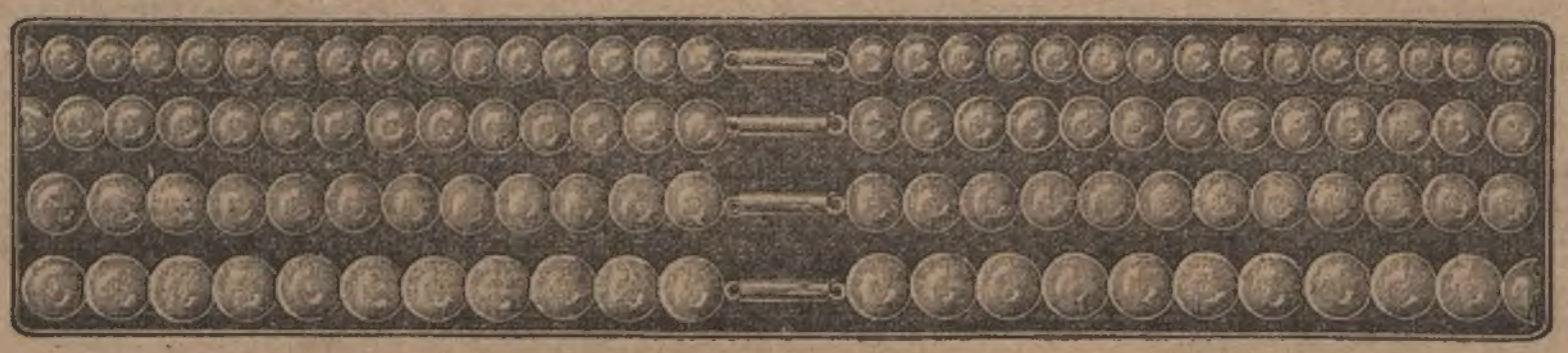

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